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4914.

Act 2

HENRY IV part I.

Scene 4



*M. LEWIS in the PRINCE of WALES.
Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare bone*

London, Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Jan^y 18th 1786.



KING HENRY 4th part 1st

Falstaff *Yea & I'll swear I killed him*

Act 5.

Scene 4.

P. de Loutherbourg del

Hall sculp.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Jan^y. 2. 1786.

Bell's Edition.

H E N R Y IV.

P A R T I.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

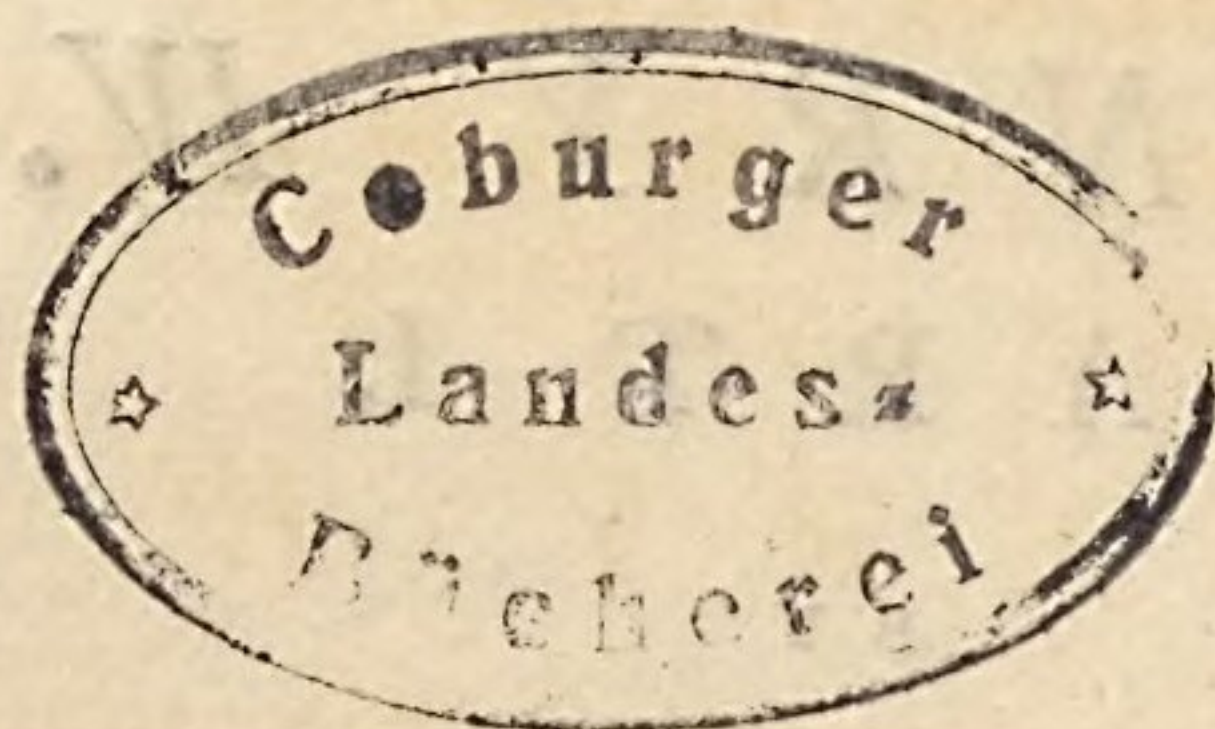
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCCLXXXV.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE
FIRST PART OF
H E N R Y IV.

TH E transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald, earl Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown-Hill) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has apparently design'd a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *Sons to the King.*
JOHN, *Duke of Lancaster*, }
Earl of Worcester.
Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR.
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*.
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas*.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

WOMEN.

Lady PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, Sister to Mortimer*.
Lady MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to*
Mortimer.
QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap*.
Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain. Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants. &c.

SCENE, England.

The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons ('till they had peerages, as *Clarence*, *Bedford*, *Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster*, *Humphrey of Lancaster*, &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.



FIRST PART OF
HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court in London. Enter King HENRY, Earl of WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Henry.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10

B

All

All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20
We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go :
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear 30
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
Was

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered :
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this
 broil

Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news 50

Came from the north, and thus it did import.

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

That ever valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;

As by discharge of their artillery,

And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;

For he that brought it, in the very heat

And pride of their contention did take horse, 60

Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

B i j

Balk'd

Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son 71
To beaten Douglas ; and the earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son :
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ; 80
Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts :—What think you,
coz', 90

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;

Which

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect 100
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment belonging to the Prince. Enter HENRY,
Prince of Wales, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad? 108

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of
old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast for-
gotten to demand that truly which thou would'st
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the
time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and
minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds,
and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed
sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata;
I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous,
to demand the time of the day. 119

B i i j

Fal.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal : for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king—as, God save thy grace (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none)——

P. Henry. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly. 130

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty ; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : And let men say, we be men of good government ; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we——steal. 138

P. Henry. Thou say'st well ; and it holds well too : for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing—lay by ; and spent with crying—bring in : now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows. 148

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not

not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft. 160

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false, already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman. 179

Fal.

Fal. Well, Hal, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits ; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch ? 190

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies ; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest—sweet young prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I mark'd him not : and yet he talk'd very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too. 199

P. Henry. Thou did'st well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration ; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal—God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain ; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? 211

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? 220

Enter POINS.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, He will give the devil his due. 231

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-Hill: There are pilgrims

pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses : I have victuals for you all, you have horses for yourselves : Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester ; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap ; we may do it as secure as sleep : If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward ; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ? 249

P. Henry. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king. 260

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone ; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed,

lieved, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel : You shall find me in East-cheap. 271

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring ! farewel All-hallown summer ! [Exit FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow ; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid ; yourself, and I, will not be there : and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders. 280

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail ; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves : which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. 290

Poins. Tut ! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood ; our visors we will change, after we leave them ; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel. 309

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays, 320
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And,

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, 330
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Palace. Enter King HENRY,
NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,
Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect, 341
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord——

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :

C

O, sir,

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure 351
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.

You were about to speak.

[To NORTHUMB.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is deliver'd to your majesty : 360
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ; 370
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms 380
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the
 mark!) 390
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ; 400
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now. 410

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home? 420
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank 440
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did bare and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him,
 He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy. 450
 Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit King HENRY.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart, 460
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
 a while ;
 Here comes your uncle.

C i i j

Re-enter

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer .

As high i' the air as this unthankful king,

470

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

[*To WORCESTER.*

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:

And when I urg'd the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

480

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the unhappy king

(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer 490
 Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you—that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subornation—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo ;
 Being the agents, or base second means, 500
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?—
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To shew the line, and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility, and power,
 Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf—
 As both of you, God pardon it ! have done—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, 510
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?
 No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again :
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
 Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,

To

To answer all the debt he owes to you, 520
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous ;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—
Send danger from the east unto the west, 531
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ; 541
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,

That

That are your prisoners—— 550

Hot. I'll keep them all ;

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes.—

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :——

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 560

But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !

Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,

To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :

And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales—

But that I think his father loves him not, 570

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, kinsman ! I will talk to you,

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot.

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 580

In Richard's time—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurge.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! 590

Look—*when his infant fortune came to age*—

And—*gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin*—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean 600

For powers in Scotland; which—for divers reasons,

Which I shall send you written—be assur'd,

Will easily be granted.—You, my lord—[*To NORTH.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd—

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop. 610
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st
slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha? 620

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,

'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love. 630

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
 (As I will fashion it), shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive, I
 trust. 640

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short!
 'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*An Inn Yard at Rochester. Enter a Carrier, with a
 Lantern in his Hand.*

1 *Carrier.*

HE I G H ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be
 hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and
 yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a
 few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the
 withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog,
 and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:
 this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler
 dy'd.

11

1 *Car.*

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach. 21

1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-Cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee? 31

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

D

2 Car.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London? 42

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how. 52

Chamb. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently. 60

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman?
if

if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows : for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me ; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers ; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms : but with nobility, and tranquillity ; burgomasters, and great oneyers ; such as can hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : And yet I lie ; for they pray continually unto their saint, the common-wealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots. 83

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith ; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible. 91

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men.
—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable.
Farewel, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Road by Gads-Hill. Enter Prince HENRY, POINS,
and PETO.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter ; I have remov'd
Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close. 101

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hang'd ! Poins !

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal ; What a
brawling dost thou keep ?

Fal. What, Poins ! Hal !

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill ;
I'll go seek him. 107

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company :
the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I
know not where. If I travel but four foot by the
square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I
doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape
hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his
company hourly any time this two and twenty year,
and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If
the rascal have not given me medicines to make me
love him, I'll be hang'd ; it could not be else ; I have
drunk medicines.—Poins !—Hal !—a plague upon
you

you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd. 128

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son. 139

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

D i i j

Fal.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter ; I know his voice.

Bard. What news ?—— 149

Gads. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower ; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us. 160

Peto. But how many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast. 170

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I ; every man to his business.

Enter

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

180

Trav. Jesu bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : Ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves ; Are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would, your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ? young men must live : You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure ye, i'faith. [*Here they rob and bind them.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two
arrant

arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck. 201

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. They all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a Blow or two, runs away too, leaving the Booty behind him.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him. 210

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle. Enter HOTSPUR,*
reading a Letter.

——But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake,*

undertake, is dangerous—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king:—we are prepared: I will set forward to night.

246

Enter

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate ? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone ?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed ? 250
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth ;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone ?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ; 260
Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires ; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets ;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin ;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream : 270
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
these ?

Some

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord. 281

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen, 290
As you are tost with.

In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize: But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true. 300

Hot.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. — Gods me, my
horse! —

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me? 310
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are; 320
But yet a woman: and for secresy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you, —

Will this content you, Kate?

329

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Enter Prince
HENRY, and POINS.*

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me; and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying-scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action.

E

But,

But, sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

[POINS retires.]

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

370

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r-lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart— 381

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—About Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'st me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not. 391

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fran. My lord! 400

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerking, chrystal-button, nott-pated, agat-ring, puke-stock, caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

410

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which Way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [Exit Drawer.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry? 421

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter FRANCIS.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

430

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence,

quence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow. 444

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound. 455

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good man-

hood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

467

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [To Poins.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

478

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

488

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I!

[He drinks.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man? 497

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them. 510

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them: I am a bunch of radish:
if

if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature. 522

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me— 531

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all-afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now. 540

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already. 550

Fal.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand. 561

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason? What say'st thou to this? 571

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh!— 580

Fal.

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack. 589

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done: and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? 602

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a
coward

coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life ; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

P. Henry. Content ;—and the argument shall be, thy running away. 620

Fal. Ah ! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess ? what say'st thou to me ?

Host. Marry my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you : he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he ? 631

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ?—Shall I give him his answer ?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, sirs ; by'r-lady, you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph : you are lions

lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no—fie ! 640

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd ?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger ; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight ; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed ; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices. 652

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wer't taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore : Thou had'st fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away ; What instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

P. Henry. I do. 660

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast ? How long is't ago,

ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee? 667

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower! 679

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running? 691

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckow! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

F

more:

more : Worcester is stolen away by night ; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news ; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds. 702

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true ; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard ? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith ; I lack some of thy instinct. 711

Fal. Well, thou will be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I ? content :—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown ! 722

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

P. Henry.

I I

...

I I I I I I

I I I I I I

...

I I I I I I

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears
are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful
queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see. 737

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion ; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point ;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries ? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses ? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company
F i j thou

thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 760

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month? 774

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set. 780

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal.

Fal. 'Sblood my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith. 787

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? 803

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villanous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and

F i i j

merry

merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, than Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will. 825

[*Knocking; and Hostess and BARDOLPH go out.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!— 830

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct. 840

Fal.

Fal. I deny your *major* : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras ;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. 850

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, GADSHILL,
and PETO ; *manent* Prince and POINS.]

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff ; what's your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord ;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here ;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him. 860

And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal :

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher.

Sher. I will, my lord : There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so : if he have robb'd these
men,

He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord. 870

P. Henry. I think, it is good morrow ; Is it not ;

Sher. Indeed my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's :
Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath :
Search his pockets.

[*He searches his Pockets, and finds certain Papers.*
What hast thou found ?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord. 880

P. Henry. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth
of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there
is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage :
there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the
morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall
be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of
foot ;

foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins. 896

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of BANGOR's House in Wales. Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, Lord MORTIMER, and OWEN GLENDOWER.

Mortimer.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer—and cousin Glendower—
Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,

The

The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat 20
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth 30
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ; 40

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am

I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living—clipp'd in with the sea,
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
 Wales——
 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art, 50
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better
 Welsh:—

I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
 But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
 The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the
 devil, 60
 By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
 head

Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
 Booteless home, and weather-beaten back. 70

Hot.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order taken?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound, 80

To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably

(A business that this night may execute),

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet, 90

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To GLENDOWER.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours : 100

See, how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

I'll have the current in this place damn'd up ;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,

In a new channel, fair and evenly :

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,
and runs me up 110

With like advantage on the other side ;

Gelding the opposed continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,

And on this north side win this cape of land ;

And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not. 120

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :

For I was train'd up in the English court :
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you. 130

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad on it with all my heart ;
I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ; 141
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
night :

(I'll haste the writer) and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence :
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot chuse : sometimes he angers me, 151
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

A clip-

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
 He held me last night at the least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names, 160
 That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum—and well—
 go to—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
 With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments; valiant as a lion, 170
 And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof;
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
 And, since your coming hither, have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience. 182
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

G i j

Though

Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain 190
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with
you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her—she, and my aunt
Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily. 200

[GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry, one

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd, 211
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep, 220
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing :
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn,

Glend. Do so ;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ; 230
Yet straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

G i i j

Hot.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down :
Come, quick, quick ; that I may lay my head in thy
lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh ;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical ; for
you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still,
ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh. 241

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in
Irish,

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed,

Lady. What's that ?

250

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not your's, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear
like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, in good sooth ;
and, As true as I live ; and, As God shall mend me ;
and, As sure as day : and givest such sarcenet surety
for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than
Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

260

A good

A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens,
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be
Red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I'll away within these two hours ; and so come in when
ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer ; you are as
slow, 270

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this, our book is drawn ; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Presence-Chamber in Windsor. Enter King HENRY,
Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave ; the prince of
Wales and I,

Must have some private conference : But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood 280
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me :

But

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean at-
tempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood, 290
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear—
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth 300
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me won-
der, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The

The hope and expectation of thy time 310
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession ;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir, 320
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
 Others would say—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical, 330
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt : carded his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,

To

To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push 340
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes, 350
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege, 360
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then

When

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg; 370
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms. 380
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him, 390
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough—through vassal fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen—— 400
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so :
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son ;
When I will wear a garment all of blood, 410
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange 420
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here :
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty, may salve 430
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met, 440
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-
 day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster :
 For this advertisement is five days old :—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward :
 On Thursday, we ourselves will march :
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you 450
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Enter FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church:—Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. 466

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John. 479

Fal.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll mend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple: for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of your's with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

504

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

H i j

Enter

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before. 520

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds. 532

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks;

cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark. 541

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS, marching; and FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his Truncheon, like a Fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me. 550

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack? 560

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

H i i j

P. Henry.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord ; and I said, I heard your grace say so : And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is ; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What ! he did not ?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else. 571

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune ; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox ; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Fal. What thing ? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it ; I am an honest man's wife : and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so. 581

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou ?

Fal. What beast ? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John ? why, an otter ?

Fal. Why ? she's neither fish, nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so ; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou ! 591

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess ; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host.

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ? a million : thy love is worth a million ; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you. 600

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea ; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper : Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare : but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion ? 609

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion : Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break !

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine ; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : Art thou not asham'd ? 624

Fal.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

630

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast: love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone.

[Exit Hostess.]

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again. 640

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bar. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot. 649

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they

they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, 660

Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARD.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:— 669

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury. Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hotspur.

WELL said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,

Such

Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour: 10
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous
sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along? 20

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth
infect

30

The very life-blood of our enterprize ;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :

40

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off :—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it :—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?

50

It were not good : for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope ;

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should ;

Where now remains a sweet reversion :

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is

Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, 60
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction, 70
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use ;— 80
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul. 90

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales, 100
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd :
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry—with his beaver on, 110
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in
March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war, 120
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come! 130

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day. 140
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A publick Road near Coventry. Enter FALSTAFF, and
BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill
me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ;
we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel. 150

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it
make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage.
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a
souc'd gurnet. I have misus'd the king's press
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I
press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons :
inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had
been ask'd twice on the bans ; such a commodity of
warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ;
such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a
struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I prest me none
but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies

no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

192

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY, and WESTMORELAND.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night. 202

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. 212

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

I i j

Fal.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd? 221

West. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of
a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Shrewsbury. Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER,
DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

230

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life
(And I dare well maintain it with my life),

If well-respected honour bid me on, 240

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—

Let

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments 250
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours: 260
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[*The Trumpets sound a Parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to
God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,

But

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand
so,

270

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty !

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty : If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot—

Which he confesseth to be manifold——

He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest ;

281

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the
king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears :

And—when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded out-law sneaking home—

290

My father gave him welcome to the shore :

And—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery, and beg his peace ;

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal—

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee; 300
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently—as greatness knows itself——
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform 310
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war. 320

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who

(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

330

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

341

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and
 love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

York. *The Archbishop's Palace. Enter the Archbishop
 of York, and Sir MICHAEL.*

York. Hie, good Sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief,
 With winged haste, to the lord mareshal ;

This

This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest 350
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power, 360
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael—
 What with the sickness of Northumberland
 (Whose power was in the first proportion),
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence
 (Who with them was a rated sinew too,
 And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
 There's Douglas and lord Mortimer. 370

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord
 Harry Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
 The special head of all the land together;—
 The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;

And

And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

380

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
oppos'd.

York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us—
For he hath heard of our confederacy—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him ;
Therefore, make haste : I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp at Shrewsbury. Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, Lord JOHN of LANCASTER, Earl of WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Henry.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well, 10
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor, 20
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it ! how comes it
then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace. 30

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

K

For

For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son, 40
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time : You swore to us—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster——
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ; 51
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so 60
As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For

For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance, 70
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want 80
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes—
This present enterprize set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman, 90
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty——
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation ;
And will, to save the blood on either side, 100
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love,
That are mis-led upon your cousin's part :
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word, 110
What he will do :—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit WORCESTER, and VERNON.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, we will set on them : 120
And

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heaven a death. 127

[*Exit Prince HENRY.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

HOTSPUR's *Camp.* Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
Richard, 143

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word in loving us ;

He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults : 150

Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes :

For treason is but trusted like the fox ;

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,

Interpretation will misquote our looks ;

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ; 160

And an adopted name of privilege—

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :

All his offences live upon my head,

And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;

And, his corruption being ta'en from us,

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore,

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin. 170

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland!

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit* DOUGLAS.]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn. 181
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the
king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads; 190

And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ; 200
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause : But let me tell the world—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope, 210
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies ; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty :—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed !—And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue, 220
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us !
Now for our consciences—the arms are fair, 230
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; Only this—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war, 240
And by that musick let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury. The King entereth with his Power. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS, and BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true. 250

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, BLUNT is slain. Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
the king. 260

Hot.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, 271
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt ;—
there's honour for you : Here's no vanity !—I am as
hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : Heaven keep
lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine
own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they
are pepper'd : there's not three of my hundred and
fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to
beg during life. But who comes here? 284

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd : lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure. 292

P. Henry. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me : What, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath : Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord JOHN of LANCASTER, and the Earl of WESTMORELAND.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much :—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up, 310
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so :—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help :

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this ;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

Lan. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin West-
moreland, 320

Our duty this way lies ; for heaven's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN, and WEST.*]

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-
caster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;

L

But

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all !

329

[*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydra's
heads :

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Henry. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself. 340

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

*They fight ; the King being in Danger, enter Prince
HENRY.*

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art
like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight ; DOUGLAS flyeth.*

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?— 350
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while :—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven ! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ; 360
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas
Gawsey. [Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

L i j

To

To share with me in glory any more: 371

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from
thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head. 380

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls
down as if he were dead. PERCY is wounded, and
falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, 390
But

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [Dies.

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. 400

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal :—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He sees FALSTAFF on the Ground.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! 410
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and bye;
'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

FALSTAFF, *rising slowly.*

Fal. Embowell'd ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : To die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion ; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead : How if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may he not rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. 436

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his Back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY, and JOHN of LANCASTER.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft ! who have we here ?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ? 440
P. Henry.

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and
bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man :
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
There is Percy : [*throwing the Body down*] if your fa-
ther will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill
the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or
duke, I can assure you. 452

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is
given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of
breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant,
and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I
may be believ'd, so ; if not, let them, that should re-
ward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll
take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the
thigh : if the man were alive, and would deny it, I
would make him eat a piece of my sword. 463

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.—

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back :

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead. 471

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field. The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, Lord JOHN of LANCASTER, Earl of WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, Prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

I'll-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

480

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon
too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.— 490

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*
How goes the field ?

P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he
saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear—fled with the rest ;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart. 500

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains—that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

510
To

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself—and you, son Harry—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

END OF PART I.



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